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The Christmas Season.

IF the Christmas season has some shadows this year in Utah, it is not anything in Utah that caused them. The nation has been in trouble and the shadow of the trouble has been reflected here. The autumn was passing beautiful. As a life that has finished its work, waits without a tremor or a shock of sorrow for the chill and the white-winding sheet, so the autumn was, and the change to cooler days and nights was almost as imperceptible, as was the truth that the days were shortening. As the autumn haze finally began to steal over the earth, there came a dimness upon business. There had been an earthquake shock upon the business of the great central commanding city of the republic, and its throes were felt on the seismograph of every financial center of every state. And thousands of fortunes have been swept away; thousands of men who but a year ago believed that their independence had been secured, look now in the faces of wives and children and smile and speak cheering words, but their hearts are aching as they never ached before, for was it not for those wives and children that they had been working and planning and dreaming all the years that the cares which come to the lives of others, the cares and sacrifices that are the lot of most people should never be theirs? And when in every state, in every city, in every hamlet of a great country there are some with these heart aches, is it strange that an impression of indefinable sadness is upon the hearts of men?

So the usual cheer of the season is a good deal subdued, though Utah is not responsible for any part of the trouble. And men should, if possible, shake off the depression for the radiance of children's faces fills the streets and their joyous cries discount the lark's song when she "mounts to hail the sun." And the present and the future are filled with hope and the promise of a fruition richer than has ever yet been enjoyed.

And again the season should have its soothing effect, for it is the season in which One came to earth, who never sought for wealth or even the world's comforts; who went about doing good; who had not where to lay His head, who died at last under all the anguish and shame that a furious mob could inflict, but whose name has since filled the heavens and the earth with a new glory and new hope and will continue to until "the heavens pass away and the earth shall be rolled up like a scroll."

The greatest happiness that can come to a perfectly regulated brain and heart is in making others happy. This gift in greater or less degree is given to us all and we can all use it, for the poorest of us can take a neighbor by the hand and wish him good health and more and more prosperity and happiness, and sometimes there is more in this than in a rare gift. So let us make it a merry Christmas and a little later a joyous New Year.

There is more in the Christmas season than the thoughtless ever seek to estimate. There has never been anything finer in literature since, than there was before the Christian era, nothing finer

in arts or architecture; no prose, no inspired poems; no greater warriors. So far as pure intellect goes, the bravest and best of the modern world, hardly hold their places with what the men did who were pagans, who made sacrifices to heathen gods and looked for signs of success or defeat in the flight of birds or the warning peals of thunder in a cloudy sky. They toiled on for thousands of years; the words they wrote thrill the world still; the statues they chiseled still are a delight to men's eyes; the structures they upreared are still poems in stones, their deeds of prowess and of genius, the best of modern men only seek to emulate, never dreaming of excelling them.

But they never learned the loveliness of mercy, the blessings of charity or the sacred calls of justice. Those overthrown in battle were sold into slavery, women if beautiful were for a little while playthings and ever after slaves; the law of might was the world's law and while intellects grew refined, the wild beast in the human heart was never tamed or softened by a prompting of pity. Among the ruins of Egypt, of Greece, and Rome, not one trace of any hospital has ever been found; half the world's peoples were slaves, the work of the world was mostly done by unpaid labor. It is the same way still in lands that have not been touched and softened by Christianity. In those lands the angels of the Red Cross follow the soldiers into battle; their faces bend above the wounded and the sick in hospitals, a hospital ship follows every fighting ship into a conflict; there are asylums for the insane; homes for the helpless poor; the vanquished in battle are treated like brothers; the doctrine that all mankind should be brothers is growing in power every day; the funds for public and private characters are equal to the income of an empire and are growing every year; the white wings of peace are more and more filling the air, and the time is drawing near when the "nations shall learn war no more."

At sea, no light that has ever been invented can shine far through a dense fog.

The light that shines down from the cross was so shrouded by the mists of superstition and ignorance that for centuries its clear sheen was but a distorted reflection.

The mists are disappearing now; clearer and more full it shines now every year; before that light the savageries of the world are skulking away and hiding in their lairs. The Christmas era is the anniversary of the time when the world's regeneration began—the first rays of the golden dawn of universal Love and Charity and Peace.

The Year's Experiences.

The past few months ought to have taught the men and women of this nation many lessons. The first one ought to be how liable wealth is to take wings and fly away. The second one is how liable false pride is to suffer a fall, and this ought to extend from every man who has sought to grow rich by an unworthy stock deal, up to the very highest in the land. Another is that the utmost prosperity of a people cannot insure that people from overwhelming calamities. Another is that great wealth and the power that accompanies it cannot insure peace, or safety or happiness to

man; that it may become such a torture at last, that life itself is insupportable as shown by the men who a year ago were the envy of all who know them, but who now fill the graves of suicides.

In very high places the chagrin and unrest must be very great unless the sensibilities there are awfully dulled, for it is not the office of a pilot to try with his ship to break out the rocks in the channel, but to so steer the ship as to avoid them and leave the work of clearing the channel to men who are trained and appointed to perform such work.

The lesson to the whole nation is to go slow; to not try to make too much speed.

The English have just completed two of the finest and fleetest, and largest and altogether the most splendid ships that ever faced a storm or outrode an angered ocean. But down deep in the holds of those ships are some boilers made of common steel. They are not a part of the magnificence of the ships. They are not what impress the looker on; but after all they are the life of the whole thing, and while the great ships laugh at storms and distance all competitors, were they neglected for twenty minutes in mid-ocean, and were to explode; the ship to which the accident came, would sink like a stone or were they through some oversight to exhaust their fuel in mid ocean, they would drift like old hulks until relief could be sent them.

The experience of the past six months ought to chasten the American people and teach them that a senseless insatiable race for wealth carries with it no promise of real present wealth, or if successful, that the wealth is no guarantee of happiness or of an old age of contentment and peace.

What Finally Counts.

Papers and magazines in the east are still helping to celebrate the half-century anniversary of the Atlantic Monthly. The most dismal feature of it is, that in all New England there cannot be gathered now such a corps of writers as the staff that prepared the first number of it fifty years ago. Indeed they could not be picked up in the nation, Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Prescott, Motley, Mrs. Stowe, Julia Ward Howe,—there has been no such vintage since.

It is queer, too. The proportion of university graduates has vastly increased, and there are thousands who, called upon, could write articles more scientific, and write them in quite as perfect English as did the old band. But they would not be the same. And this conclusion does not come through reverence for the dead or non-appreciation of the living, because pick out first an ignoramus and read the two and he would at once decide for the old and against the new; then select the finest scholar and try the same test, and the result would be the same. We know of only one man who rates with the old company and he was almost a contemporary of theirs. We refer to John Meur, he of glacier fame, and his field would be limited to a description of some majestic spot where nature had piled up her wonders and left them for man to study out and portray their mysteries.

There comes now and then at intervals a year when the sunlight, the temperature, the moisture